

Darkness

by Jadzia

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Summary: Methos muses over Duncan. Sad.
Pre-slash.

Darkness

FANDOM: Highlander PAIRING: D/M RATING: PG-13 I think...nothing explicit at all (*DUH*) DISCLAIMERS: Not mine...*SIGH* ARCHIVE: Please ask first FEEDBACK: Always, Everywhere, As much as I can get ? gdukat@geocities.com

AUTHOR'S NOTES: My first HL-story, just a musing Methos in a depressive mood. I'm thinking about writing another one from Duncan's POV, but I'm not sure yet.

DEDICATIONS: This is for Penny, because I love her Superstar-series so much I can't get the two guys out of my mind *G* I don't think I'd have written HL without reading her stories and her contagious enthusiasm for the boys.

A kiss to Kolja, because I should be writing the sauna - challenge, but this just popped up...and Methos sat sulking on my couch until I wrote it ?

***** DARKNESS *****

Did you ever had the feeling of being whole? Totally content, satiated, happy...?

You can only feel that way if you know the opposite. The dark. The loneliness. The emptiness.

Only then can you even know or appreciate the light after the darkness. When a simple smile warms you to the core - and melts away the ice that you didn't even know was there. It's glorious.

When you once felt it, you never want to miss it again - because you know what you have lost.

It's terrible. It's tearing you apart.

Believe me. I know.

You will go hunting for it. Everywhere. You'll try all the replacements you'll find although you know nothing else than the real thing will do. These eyes. That smile. Nothing else.

I never told him, you know. Never dared. Coward. I don't know, maybe it's better this way. He wouldn't believe me anyway. He knows me now. At least he thinks he does. And there's nothing I can say to make it better. He wouldn't understand. He's just too damned...good.

I didn't want him to know, but I knew it would come out sooner or later. It always does. And maybe he has a right to know. He sure has more endearing qualities than I can even count, but I don't think forgiveness is one of them. I don't deserve it anyway. I deserve it less than any other being on this earth.

Maybe simply because nobody had so much time to commit crimes, to rape, to kill as I had. Although I doubt that Duncan would be able to do only a tenth of what I've done in a million years. Never. That's why he never will be able to understand. Let alone forgive.

I have to go.

I can't stand seeing him anymore. His eyes, his smile - fulfillment just a few inches away - unreachable forever now.

I have to go.

Maybe it will become easier if I only tell it myself often enough.

I have to go, and maybe, only maybe the pain will dull a little. Not fade, oh no, never fade. That would mean forget. That's the problem. It will never ever go away. The feeling that I lost the most, the one precious thing in this miserable mess I call my life, without even possessing it before. It has always been improbable, but now it's utterly hopeless, I'm afraid. Maybe it's better this way. Better than always trying to find a way to make it happen. Maybe it makes no difference at all. The constant craving won't subside. I can't imagine it would at least.

But that's good, because only the pain I feel now reminds me of the happiness I could feel when I was allowed to be near him.

I hope that someday he can accept it, accept me again. So that he can stand to be in one room with me. Even talk, maybe. Maybe. But it will take a long time.

I don't want to lose him. Fact is, I don't know how to live a single day without him. But I have to. The moment I met him, I lost him. I knew it.

But it didn't prepare me for what I feel now.

Nothing could, I suppose.

I can't say that about many things...I should be the expert on nearly anything on that bloody planet. But nothing prepared me for MacLeod.

Sometimes I think I should talk to him before I go. Try at least. I'm not sure and I don't want to hurt him or to despise me any more than he does already. If that's possible.

I'll be gone tomorrow.

Into the emptiness.

Into the cold.

Maybe I'll talk to him.

To take a glimpse of light with me.

***** The End *****

End
file.